UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese } *Associate Editors*

Mrs. Edith Lloyd Jones — Memorial Number

Edith Lloyd Jones
1856—1932

For hope is strong,
And faith is long,
And courage wings and heaven;
And pain is fleet,
And death is sweet,
When life for love is given.
—Evelyn H. Walker.

VOLUME CXI NUMBER 7

Chicago, April 17, 1933

PRICE TEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

Published Weekly October to June — *Subscription $3.00*
Published Bi-Weekly July to September — *Single Copies 10 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, July 30, 1931, at the Post office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1870"

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor in Chief*
LOUIS L. MANN, CURTIS W. REESE, *Associate Editors*

Board of Directors
MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS, Treasurer
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON
MRS. ELLA R. NAGELY
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
Secretary: MAY JOHNSON

Editorial Board
W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
RAYMOND B. BRAGG
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Poetry Editors
LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Editorial Contributors
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
PERCY M. DAWSON
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
M. C. OTTO
FREDERICK STARR
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
JAMES H. WEST

Foreign Representatives
AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
CANADA—NORMAN STEWART DOWD
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

MRS. EDITH LLOYD JONES—MEMORIAL NUMBER — Page
Edith Lloyd Jones—HELEN SWIFT NEILSON 99
A Disciple of the Inner Life—ELIZABETH T. KENT 101
A Friendship of Thirty Years—FREDERICK STARR 101
In the Early Days—J. T. SUNDERLAND 102
The Mother of Lincoln Centre—HELEN ROSENFELS 102
On the Ford Peace Ship—ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY 103
Mrs. Jones at Tower Hill—LUTIE E. STEARNS 103
Glimpses of Edith Lloyd Jones—MAY JOHNSON 104
THE MEMORIAL SERVICE—FRANCIS NEILSON, Chairman
Prayer—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 105
Tributes—
MR. R. J. NEAL for the Neighborhood 105
MRS. HARRY S. AYERS for the Youth of Lincoln Centre 106
MR. SALMON O. LEVINSON for Lincoln Centre 106
MISS JANE ADDAMS for Social Service 107
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES for UNITY 107
In Remembrance—OLIVE COLE SMITH 109
Resolution—Abraham Lincoln Centre 111
OTHER TRIBUTES—
EVELYN H. WALKER, MRS. JANE PORTER, FREDERICK and GRACE BAGLEY, RABBI JOSEPH STOLZ, MRS. ANNIE LAURIE KELLY, MRS. MINNIE J. MCARTHUR, MRS. BETTY B. CONRAD, A. R. BERGESEN and BENJAMIN MARCH 112
MARGARET and BRUCE ROBERTSON, IRENE CRAMER 113
ARTICLE—
The Birth of Beauty—H. S. N. 114
POETRY—
Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones—LUCIA TRENT and RALPH CHEYNEY 100
Selected—*Emily Dickinson* 101
Beauty—FLORENCE CRANNELL MEANS 103
Eternal Power—CARINE L. ROSE 111
Selected—*Arthur Hugh Clough* 111
Hymn—*Harriet Beecher Stowe* 113
My Dead—*Frederick L. Hosmer* 113
Selected—*Edwin Markham* 113
Fulfillment—*Althea A. Ogden* 114
A Joy Within—*Evelyn H. Walker* 114
Selected—*Abt Vogler* 114
THE FIELD—
Christianity and War—GEORGE LANSBURY 98
Five Facts Regarding Alcohol—*The Cleveland Unitarian* 98

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Christianity and War

Mr. Lansbury's Appeal To the Editor of the London Times

"Sir,—I write as a pacifist, one who accepts the words of Christ, 'They who take the sword perish by the sword,' as literally, morally, and historically true. Mr. Lloyd George appeals for an international conference of the Churches, but what then? Will the Christian leaders come down on the side of the Master and demand that, no matter what other nations or followers of other creeds may do, Christians, those who accept Christ and His teaching as the guide and law of life, cannot, must not, will not have anything to do with war or preparation for war?

"We are approaching the holiest season of the year, when we commemorate the sufferings, death, and ultimate triumph of our Lord over all his foes, the marvelous victory of the 'terrible meek.' Why not use this season, this year, for all of us individually and nationally to confess our sins or shortcomings before God and declare our repentance and our determinations that, with His forgiveness and His good grace, we British Christians will give up all reliance on force, cease to manufacture poison gas, give up building ships and other instruments of war; in fact, determine that we will humbly and reverently strive to walk in the footsteps of Him who, in the moment of supreme danger, stood firm and serene, content to know that, though men destroyed or hurt his body, his soul, his all was in the keeping of God His Father, who is Father of us all.

"Yes, the world wants a clarion call for peace, but our pastors, bishops, priests will not give that call, cannot give that call until once and for all they declare all war a crime against God and tell Christian men and women it is a denial of God's will to have any part or lot in such a terrible crime."

Yours, &c.,
GEORGE LANSBURY,
39, Bow Road, E.3, March 14.

Five Facts Regarding Alcohol

The late Professor Rauschenbusch, a keen writer on social problems, used to compare progress to a cart being drawn up hill. Education is the horse which does the pulling; legislation is the stone which now and then one puts behind the wheel to prevent the cart from slipping. After the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment we unhitched the horse (education), hoping that somehow the stone (legislation) would take on also the business of pulling. In consequence the oncoming generation is ignorant concerning certain facts about alcohol. Now that regulation of some sort is about to be substituted for prohibition the problem again becomes, in the main, one for the individual to solve. Some parents, of course, maintain education cannot avail in such a matter; young

(*Continued on page* 115)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXI MONDAY, APRIL 17, 1933 Number 7

Edith Lloyd Jones

A few personalities elude description. This we often feel toward our parents, or a dearly loved friend, with whom our friendship has been spread over many years. It is, perhaps, the reason that a portrait rarely pleases a family. There, the artist portrays his subject as he sees him or her; while the family never thinks of the loved one in any particular mood. To them, the loved one is a composite picture, a blend of all moods, love, joy, grief, self-denial, patience—all those attributes which go to making a whole.

Thus, I find my task—yes, it is a task, though a joyful one—beset with difficulties. For nearly thirty-five years, I have known Mrs. Jones, and each year have seen her in a broader light. To the qualities which first attracted me have been added many which a deeper knowledge and friendship revealed.

Edith Trimmer was born in England, probably in London, May 10, 1856. She was an only child, her parents having died during her youth, and she lived with a family by the name of Wynne. There seem to have been ministers and literary people in her family. She herself was ambitious, and passed the examinations for Cambridge in her twenty-first year.

In the National Gallery, London, there hangs a portrait of Sarah Trimmer—the great great-grandmother of Edith Trimmer; and in another famous gallery of London hang the portraits, painted by Gainsborough, of Sarah and Joshua Kirby, the grandparents of Edith Trimmer's mother.

Edith Trimmer married Dr. Mark H. Lackersteen, January 4, 1877. He was Surgeon General in the British army; at one time in medical charge of three large hospitals in the garrison of Chunar; a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a graduate of St. Andrew's, Scotland. In 1865, he was selected by the Supreme Government of India to fill the office of Special Chemical Examiner to the Punjab Government. He was invalided home and robbed of valuable papers on the journey.

Dr. Lackersteen was of fine commanding appearance; a man of great knowledge and culture; an idealist and a Sanskrit scholar. He enjoyed the Orientals who attended the Parliament of Religions and conversed freely with many of them in their native tongues. He was equally familiar with Greek, Latin, French and German. He was many years his wife's senior.

Dr. and Mrs. Lackersteen came to America in the early eighties with three small children. They lived a short time in St. Paul, then came to Chicago, where the two youngest daughters were born. All Souls' Annual of 1887 gives the names of Dr. and Mrs. Lackersteen. He passed away in December, 1897.

During the days of the old All Soul's Church, Mrs. Lackersteen was Chairman of the Missionary Section, Assistant Parish Assistant, Parish Assistant, and Treasurer of all Soul's Church.

In 1893, when Unity Publishing Company was incorporated and Mr. Jones was Managing Editor, she was elected Director. In 1898, when a reorganization took place, she became Assistant Editor, which position she retained until she took charge of the paper after its reorganization in 1921, when she became Managing Editor. One has only to glance at the old Abraham Lincoln Centre annuals and the UNITY issues edited and put through the press by Mrs. Jones, to realize the large part which she played in the life of each, though her name rarely figures there.

After the Centre was built and occupied jointly by All Souls' Church and Abraham Lincoln Centre, Mrs. Jones' duties became manifold. She was not only Treasurer of All Souls' Church, but Assistant Treasurer of Abraham Lincoln Centre, and Superintendent of the building. She was ever a real counsellor and friend to the residents and employees, but never relaxed her care and attention to UNITY.

Edith Lackersteen and Jenkin Lloyd Jones were married June 23, 1915. The wedding took place in the Emerson Hall of Abraham Lincoln Centre, and the ceremony was conducted by Celia Parker Wooley. It was simple and dignified, as, perforce, anything connected with Mr. or Mrs. Jones would naturally be. They were surrounded by relatives, devoted friends, residents and employees. The room was a bower of wild flowers gathered by their friends, and these friends served the simple refreshments. No one present can

ever forget the delight and appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Jones over this token of friendship.

Much has been said and written of the sad war days, when Mr. Jones lost much of the backing from his congregation, on account of his peace attitude, which time, nor people, nor circumstances could change. He found Mrs. Jones a mighty bulwark, and a very ready help in time of trouble. Not long after their marriage, UNITY was barred from the mails, evidently because the Editor had dared publish in its pages the Beatitudes and that marvellous verse from Isaiah II, 4:

> And He shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

In all probability, the United States official Bible had been censored, and these passages expunged.

But neither the Editor nor the Managing Editor was daunted. They continued their work faithfully, not deviating one iota from their principles, and each week the issue was compiled, though it was a long time before it was allowed the courtesy (?) of the mails.

But short—too short—were the years that these two were permitted to pass together, for on September 12, 1918, Jenkin Lloyd Jones passed away. His illness had been much aggravated by the horrors and restrictions of the war, and by the alienation of his friends. There was little physical strength left to fight the ravages of disease.

Even after Mr. Jones' death, his partner carried bravely on. Her face had an added touch of spirituality, patience and determination. I never heard her mention her own grief, but, when peace came, she did say many times: "If only Mr. Jones could have lived to see this wicked war ended!"

After this, the cords seemed to draw tighter and tighter between herself and her young grandchildren; and I like to think that they, unconsciously, smoothed her pathway and lightened her difficulties.

At one time, Mrs. Jones thought there was a possibility of blindness overtaking her, and set herself the task of memorizing many of the beautiful poems and thoughts that she loved. She made them so much her own that they tripped lightly from her tongue and brought delight to her hearers.

During these years of widowhood, Mrs. Jones took charge of one of the Easter Services, indelibly connected with Mr. Jones, and spoke the last words over two dear Lincoln Centre friends. I was reminded of a picture which hung in Mr. Jones's study, entitled, "Death Comes as a Friend." This was a sentiment of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones and made an impression upon many who came into contact with them. I am sure they both welcomed Death as a release from anxieties and disappointments.

Mrs. Jones's work on earth is done. Her last days were spent happily, in the midst of her children and grandchildren, who considered it their greatest privilege to minister to the one who had done so much for them. She passed beyond July 26, 1932, but her example lives on, that we, her old friends, may still profit and make our few remaining years more worthy, that we may, with Browning,

> Go wake the seeds of good asleep
> Throughout the world.

In a letter found in Mrs. Jones's possession, dated 1811, the writer speaks of the lingering illness of a member of the family. He says this relative is facing the illness "with the courage and stoicism of good breeding." Thus Edith Lloyd Jones faced all her difficulties, her illness and her death, "with the culture and stoicism of good breeding."

Below are the only published words I have ever seen signed by Edith Lloyd Jones; a Christmas Poem, which her friends value highly:

Christmas Nineteen Hundred and Thirty

In every age there comes to earth
A soul that's destined from its birth
To shed the light and show the way
That heralds in a better day.
Amidst the tumult and the strife
It points the path to fuller life.

Again outside the fast-closed door
Jesus is manifest once more.
From Gandhi's cell his voice rings clear;
Are ears, alas, too deaf to hear?

Dear Father of Thy children all,
Help us to heed through him Thy call
To trust the spirit's magic power
In every toilsome year and hour,
To speed with all our hearts and might
The reign of Justice, Peace, and Right.

With Christmas Greetings
from
Edith Lloyd Jones.

HELEN SWIFT NEILSON.

Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones

(In Memoriam)

She cannot die! For always faith endures
And gentle kindliness and quiet force
That marked her generous, ever-giving course.
Her daily life of service now assures
Her immortality. Perhaps, but lures
These dreams of ours of what's beyond divorce
Of breath and frame. But constant is the source
Of all she held most dear. It soothes and cures.

And whether we shall greet her once again
Or not, she lives forever through her work.
Because of her, each good will be more dear
Remembering what she longed to give to men,
Will serve her cause more truly, never shirk.
Her faith shall yet prevail, her love shines clear.

LUCIA TRENT and RALPH CHEYNEY.

August, 1932.

A Disciple of the Inner Life

Each of us, I think, must know some people—just a few—who are possessed of a *shining* quality. It is not only lightness of eye, it comes also from the spirit, and yet not to everyone with a spiritual nature is this given.

It is this quality that comes most vividly before me as I think of Edith Lloyd Jones.

She was indeed "a disciple of the inner light," unconsciously was the light sent forth.

I well remember the early days of All Souls Church in the little building across the street and the welcome to young William and Elizabeth Kent extended by Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Lackersteen—the one silver haired and saintly, the other full of vigor and energy. They were the Parish Assistants and greatly did they help in extending and exemplifying the message of Jenkin Lloyd Jones and the church which offered its ministrations to all souls.

William Kent chose for the inscription on a memorial window to his mother these lines from Browning:

"Rejoice we are allied with that which doth provide."

One instinctively places Edith Lloyd Jones in that alliance. She had the dependable, protective, providing, and ministering nature deified in all primitive religions. She seems in line with Demeter of the Greeks, Isis of the Egyptians, and Kuan Yin of the Japanese.

One might know she would be a wonderful treasurer! The bills were always paid, in spite of forebodings of an anxious Board of Trustees.

We cannot forget the Tuesday class luncheons—the delicious coffee, and the buoyant almost ceremonial air with which the steaming cups were brought to us.

We cannot forget the fine hospitality, the thoughtful consideration, the warm friendship.

There is a timeless quality to the spirit of Edith Lloyd Jones. It is twenty-five years since we left Chicago and for several years Mrs. Jones was not living there, but I shall always feel that what she gave to the upbuilding of Abraham Lincoln Centre was a continuing thing and will always be there.

ELIZABETH T. KENT.

A Friendship of Thirty Years

I knew Mrs. Jones long and well. The thirty years of our acquaintance divides into three periods and shows her work in three phases. As Mrs. Lackersteen I knew her in the days of All Souls Church, the days of small things and great hopes, the days of dreaming and of realization of dreams. That Jenkin Lloyd Jones should dream his dream and see its realization was largely due to two women. If he were to dream, to plan, and to materialize, he had to be released from the petty things of life, to be cared for, sympathized with, encouraged, relieved of care. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Lackersteen were largely responsible for his achievement. Mrs. Jones made him a home which supplied the rest and comfort, the freedom from domestic affairs, the courage and strength essential to his task. A woman of clarity of thought, quick and firm in decision, a judge of human nature and a foe to shame, she kept his feet upon the ground, even though his head was in the clouds. Absolutely devoted to him, intensely admiring his high mentality, her one object was to minister to his comfort, to guard him from hard contacts, to enable him to pursue his intellectual labors undisturbed. What Mrs. Jones did for his home, Mrs. Lackensteen did for his office and business relations. She was acquainted with every detail, informed of his hopes, ambitions, plans. She relieved him of the thousand petty affairs which would irritate and distract him. She met interviewers, prepared programs, conducted correspondence, leaving him free to dream his dreams and see his visions. As his professional helper she was superb.

When his wife died, Jenkin Lloyd Jones was lost. He was as one cut adrift. Few men would feel such a loss so keenly. But he had to carry on. His great hopes had been largely realized. The little church had given way to the stately Centre. Urgent problems were pressing, the times were threatening. Conditions were changing. He needed help, encouragement, support as never before. Those of us who knew them well were sure that the marriage was the right thing. She who had been helper, became wife and companion. It was well that he had companionship, encouragement, understanding, continued help during those last dark years. It was the second period, the second phase of her work and Edith Lloyd Jones was equal to the task.

After Jenkin Lloyd Jones died she continued the work. It was now a sacred labor—the carrying on of *his* plans, the keeping alive of *his* memory, the continuance of the enterprise which *he* had started. Most women would have thrown off responsibility, would have sought retirement, would have spent their last days among friends. Such a thing was impossible for her. As chief resident of the center, as the active spring in UNITY's mechanism, she worked on with the same vigor and interest and devotion as before. It was the third period of her service, the equal of the others.

Edith Lloyd Jones was an effective worker. She was a clear thinker and always planned her work ahead and with attention to details. She never seemed in haste. Never did I see her show evidence of irritation or anger. She always seemed sure of herself and inspired confidence. She was a leader, but respected the opinions and rights of others. She had poise. She commanded both respect and affection of her fellow-workers. Her years of faithful work will stand. We who knew her miss her: we shall not forget her.

FREDERICK STARR.

That such have died enables us
The tranquiller to die;
That such have lived, certificate
For immortality.
—*Emily Dickinson.*

In the Early Days

Dear Editor of UNITY:

I am exceedingly glad that you are to publish a memorial of UNITY in commemoration of Mrs. Jones. It seems to me that no one connected with UNITY's life, except Mr. Jones himself, is more worthy of such an honor.

It is not fitting for me to speak at length or intimately of Mrs. Jones, because there are others whose personal acquaintance with her was closer and more extended than mine. But I had the great privilege of knowing her fairly well personally and claiming her for a dozen years as a highly prized friend, and of being closely acquainted with her invaluable service to UNITY from the very first to the very last.

As a woman she was winning and attractive in a high and beautiful way—dignified, self-poised, self-respecting, courteous, with a heart made for sincere friendships. I always found the hospitality of her home, whenever the happiness and honor of enjoying it came to me, something not to be forgotten.

Mrs. Jones seemed exactly fitted for the indispensable position of literary "drudge" (some would foolishly call it) or the "power behind the throne," or as some would perhaps more correctly say, "the editor's double"—at least the one without whom the paper could not function, but with whom at the helm everybody knew that everything would be right—the ship would go straight to port.

Mrs. Jones's qualifications as editor, sub-editor, invaluable assistant editor, or general manager, seemed to me to be essentially the following:

1. Her ideals for UNITY, ethically and socially (yes, and literarily, too), were of the very highest—as high as those of Mr. Jones himself. Otherwise it could never have attracted the attention of the best minds of thousands in America and other countries as it has always done.

2. She had the newspaper "knack" or "art" or "genius" which seems to be born in some people, which instinctively recognizes the essential things, the vital things, the things that need to be said and at once, and which is skilled to say them with point and brevity and effectiveness.

3. She was a patient, skilful and indomitable worker. No task seemed too great for her. If things needed to be done they must be done, and if there was no one else to do them she could, would and did do them. And this applied to other matters outside of editorial and literary work. If financial difficulties had to be met, as was often the case, no one was more prompt and effective in meeting them. There were occasions, more than one, when, so far as human eyes could see, UNITY must have been compelled to suspend, except for her courage, persistence, indomitable will and efficiency in finding means for tiding over the crisis.

4. She loved UNITY, carried it on her heart, I may almost say "mothered it," as no one else did or was able to do.

Mr. Editor, I have often wondered whether our beloved UNITY, our daring and powerful herald of better things to come for humanity, of which we are all so proud, would be in existence today had it not been for the long years of tireless, unselfish, self-sacrificing and wonderfully effective service of the noble and rarely gifted woman whom UNITY so fittingly commemorates today.

Long be her story told,
Aye, when our babes are old!

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The Mother of Lincoln Centre

My first remembrance of Edith Lloyd Jones was when I watched her helping Althea Ogden arrange flowers on Sunday morning in the old All Souls' Church. She was always at hand to help wherever needed. Mrs. Leonard at that time was the Parish Assistant, and at her death, these duties fell to Mrs. Jones. She was able to help Mr. Jones in the preparation of sermons because of her fine poetic and literary instinct. She supervised the physical side of All Souls' Church, which was always meticulously clean and neat. She gave to the building a charming homelike atmosphere, with flowers here and there. Mrs. Jones, to my young mind, embodied the true spirit of home and brought this spirit into her church work. She was untiring in her work for Mr. Jones and for the church; knowing no hours; always keeping her quiet dignity; seemingly never weary. The personal problems of others she made her own with innumerable acts of kindness; and with rare patience extending these acts sometimes over weeks and months to one person.

Here I should like to testify to the inspiration she always gave me, the bulwark of strength she was to me and the innumerable acts of kindness she performed for me. She embodied so many fine qualities, that to my mind, she was then and is today, the best example I knew to set before a growing girl. So, when my own daughter came, she was named Edith after Edith Lloyd Jones.

In all the years at Lincoln Centre it was my privilege to work at her side. In my work in the Sunday School as teacher and superintendent; as a mother of my own children; as a worker in the Tuesday Class in Religion, Mrs. Jones was always at hand with her inspiring advice and assistance.

The war came; Mr. Jones passed on and we all took up the tasks that, without him, seemed impossible of accomplishment; particularly the task of running Lincoln Centre. Through years bordering on despair, Mrs. Jones in her quiet dignity, kept the true ideals of Lincoln Centre before her and before us all. She maintained the neighborhood work and each week the Friday Morning Forum maintained an open platform in the turbulent days following the World War, when the nation was full of pro-war and anti-German poison.

So she continued as a potent and growing force in the lives of the boys and girls who passed in and out of Lincoln Centre, until in the lessened strength of gathering years, she chose to give up the task.

She was a great and noble woman, whose memory cannot fade and whose work cannot die.

HELEN ROSENFELS.

On the Ford Peace Ship

"They also serve who only stand and wait." Edith Lloyd Jones held no official position with the Ford Peace Party. She was not a member of any committee. She made no public addresses. And yet I venture to say there was no more useful person in the entire company than she. Other persons were, of course, more in the public eye. There were men and women who were acknowledged leaders through their direct influence. People of standing and recognition in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland associated themselves with the peace pilgrimage. But after all, there can be no leaders without followers, and no leadership can function without the united support of understanding souls.

The factors involved in the uniting of a heterogeneous group into a homogeneous unity are many. The significance of a calm, kindly, unruffled spirit in the creation of a fellowship which expresses the spirit of unity cannot be over emphasized. The Ford Peace Party came from North, East, South and West. It represented all sorts and conditions of people. Among these, Edith Lloyd Jones moved as a lovely and gracious lady. In such a group there were some, inevitably, with spiritual protuberances. Mrs. Jones had a distinctly soothing effect on the nervous and irritated souls which may be found on shipboard among any company. From her lips I never heard a word of complaint or even of criticism. The way in which she and Dr. Jones endured the smoke filled general assembly room was evidence of a patience akin to that of Job. Whenever I think of Mrs. Jones I think of the Ford Peace Party and the opening lines of Struthers Burt's poem comes into my mind: "I knew a lovely lady." Aboard ship and at the various meetings of the party in Europe Mrs. Jones maintained all the time the same calm, serene, gentle attitude. She was distinctly, as I have said, a uniting element whose power no one, of course, can measure.

But even more than the gentleness and sweetness of her spirit, the thing that impressed me most was her care of Dr. Jones. From the first public meeting in the hall of the Student's Association at Oslo, where Dr. Jones began his soul stirring address with "Hail Norway!" to the final organization of the permanent peace conference at the Hague, he was the outstanding figure in the peace group. He looked like an ancient Viking come to life. His personality inspired confidence in people in authority. Without him the party would have had very much less significance. But it is to be remembered that Dr. Jones, when he undertook this journey, was no longer a man young in years although he was young in spirit. I believed at the time that he never could have carried through the hard gruelling work that he did as chairman of the executive committee if it had not been for the devoted care that was given him during those trying weeks by Mrs. Jones. She was the very incarnation of watchful devotion. She protected him from boring visitors and petty annoyances. She maintained at times of stress, especially during those days immediately following Mr. Ford leaving the party, at least an outward serenity which gave confidence and courage to all who came into contact with her.

Dr. Jones at one time expressed to me the wish that Mrs. Jones might have had a more active part in the management of the affairs of the party. Perhaps if she had, her real influence might have been lessened and her great task, the care of her husband, might have been to some extent neglected. Dr. Jones, as chairman of the executive committee, realized the purpose of the Ford expedition, the establishment of the Permanent Peace Conference. This conference failed of its purpose but it was a noble effort. In this effort Edith Lloyd Jones, quiet, unassuming, and patient, contributed no small share.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Mrs. Jones at Tower Hill

My contacts with Mrs. Jones were mainly at Tower Hill, that lovely retreat for tired souls on the banks of the old Wisconsin River. Mr. Jones and a few of his friends bought it when it was only a sandy waste. Through wise nurture they made it a lovely spot where simplicity, and good fellowship and thoughtful communion prevailed. For some years Mr. Jones allowed me to invite a group of women to attend what was called a "Woman's Congress" for discussion of subjects such as the brotherhood of nations, disarmament, and kindred topics. At these gatherings, I came to know Mrs. Jones as the wholely self-effacing but real moving spirit behind the Tower Hill project. She it was who saw to the comfort of residents and visitors. Her wise management, with Mr. Jones' teachings, made it a place of inspiration and refreshment for all who came. Simplicity and sincerity were its charms. I recall one visitor who came to her first evening meeting berouged, bejewelled and in the latest Parisian garb. Within an hour she caught the spirit of the Hill and the next day appeared with no visible signs of powder or paint, jewel-less, and in the simplest of her gowns. Of all the letters I received from participants following the "Congress," her's was the most appreciative.

Things of the spirit were the most valued by Mrs. Jones. She was independent of style and custom. What the world calls riches never came to her. The life of Mr. and Mrs. Jones was a constant struggle to maintain the things in which they believed, with no thought of self-comforts. To me they were an inspiration which is ever present, though they are gone.

LUTIE E. STEARNS,

Milwaukee, Wis.

Beauty

An April night, and city streets, and I,
Garnering beauty till my soul be filled.
A florist's window, rich with tropic hues;
Rugs of the purple Orient; diamonds spilled
Across an azure velvet; lights that bloom
On the soft dark; wet pavements shining black
As midnight rivers, with a thousand moons
Each tracing out a shimmering golden track;
—A man's face, held as high as any king's:
Dim, blind, imprisoned, seamed with shrapnel scars—
And all its darkness riven with a smile,
As night is cleft with stars.

—FLORENCE CRANNELL MEANS.

Glimpses of Edith Lloyd Jones

Lincoln Centre in the fall of 1914 made a striking contrast to the scenes just left by one who had spent three months amid the echoes of war and the consciousness of barbed wire barricades and recruiting advertisements. Only a few days from the searchlights across the mouth of the Mersey, and what a transition to the quiet of the bright and shining sanctum of the two UNITY editors! They had managed to create for themselves and for those around who would, an attitude of detachment from the blight spreading over the earth. They had thought the war problem through. In this serene atmosphere the militant secretary, who sometimes remembered the realities of the summer, found only kindness, a warm welcome and a gentle toleration and patience.

In the same year that Mrs. Lackersteen became Mrs. Jones—much to the joy and satisfaction of the residents—she and Mr. Jones accepted the invitation to join the Peace Expedition. From a member of the expedition who arrived at the Centre in advance of the main party, we were not surprised to be told that not only did Mrs. Jones make it possible for Mr. Jones to assume much responsibility but that on her own account she was "the best loved woman of the party."

However her name does not appear in the annals of that expedition, nor does it appear in the files of UNITY, nor often in the pages of the Lincoln Centre Annuals which she compiled for so many years. One must read between the lines to find the record of her work and influence. One incident will suggest her place in the economy of Lincoln Centre life.

It was, I think, about 1915, it might have been later. Mr. Jones was leaving on a night train for a lecture engagement. He was very, very tired. He had had a hard strenuous day and looked exhausted and old; he rested on the couch while Mrs. Jones and I put some last things, books, stationery, etc., into his bag. Mrs. Jones picked up a magazine, perhaps it was a book, and presently said, "here is a real poem for you," and handed it to Mr. Jones. He glanced at it, sat up, light came into his face, and when Mrs. Jones asked him to read it to us, he moved to his chair near the light and read aloud Percy Mackaye's "Goethals." As he read the look of age disappeared, his eyes flashed and he read magnificently the whole eight stanzas of that stirring poem. I shall never forget his enthusiasm, it was a thrilling experience.

A man went down to Panama,
Where many a man had died,
To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.

Thanks to Percy Mackaye, or surely more to Mrs. Jones, a new and refreshed man boarded his train that night.

One of the institutions of Tower Hill which stays in the memory of those who summered there was the Sunday Evening Vesper service, held during the later years with Mr. and Mrs. Jones on the porch of their cottage. The last one led by Mr. Jones, in 1918, was especially tender and beautiful. Perhaps because he was so soon to pass into the realm of the spirit, Mr. Jones in his prayer seemed at one with all the cosmic forces. He summoned a great peace and Mrs. Jones having companioned this Teacher who "made it easy to believe in the life to come," could say with John Burroughs:

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

Back at Lincoln Centre, at the first session of the Sunday School, Mrs. Jones talked to the children on "Some Memories of the Summer." She told them something of Mr. Jones' boyhood, of the log house in the woods, of the Indian visitor and his gratitude for kindness shown. She told them how Mr. Jones had spent the summer, how he had watched from his porch the river, the trees and the birds, of the robins' nest, of the summer haunts of the children who loved him so, of Indigo Bunting Hill and the Blue Heron Pond, and of a particularly happy experience. She said that one morning,

One of these little boys came to him (Mr. Jones) all breathless with excitement, for there was great news, he had found a humming bird's nest. It was high up in a pine tree but if you sat very, very quiet, you could watch this tiny mite of a bird flying to and from her nest which had two young ones in it. Of course Mr. Jones had to be guided to this treasure and one evening we spent a whole hour watching the many pilgrimages of this atom of a mother to and from her little house in the pine tree.

During the winter of 1918-19 the devoted friends who had filled in the breach when the Editors had sailed away with Mr. Ford, again came to the support of the paper. And it was with great confidence, gratitude and happiness that in March Mrs. Jones announced that Mr. Holmes and Mr. Neilson had consented to assume the editorship of the paper.

In one of her annual reports Mrs. Jones said:

The Centre is a real home filled with dear people . . . who The Centre is a real home filled with dear people . . who have been working . . to make real the highest vision of the founder. .

In the word *unfinished* lies our great inspiration, the challenge to our best efforts, and the hope that our ideal may so largely transcend our real—"our reach exceed our grasp"—that the work may still be unfinished when our time also comes to lay it down.

As she led in that "unfinished" work there are certain words that quite unconsciously to herself characterized Mrs. Jones. First would come integrity—integrity of the soul, in act, thought and word. Then devotion, devotion in the highest reaches of life—to family, to friends, to church, to ideals and even to that old-fashioned and rather to be avoided word, duty. Faith would follow, faith in the ultimate, then truth and courage, and many others. But leading: integrity, devotion, courage, faith—love.

A number of times in the latter years death hovered very near to members of the family and in each case one felt that Mrs. Jones was the one who inspired the high courage, the grit and the hope that made recovery possible. Her words were, "If parting must come we must make the most of the time left for us to be together." One of her favorite poems was Washington Gladden's "Ultima Veritas":

While the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

A rich full life was hers and last July when the "clear call" came, those who loved her felt that if it must be they could rejoice and know that she

". . . like a ship truly and trimly built,
Slipped quietly to sea."

MAY JOHNSON.

Abraham Lincoln Centre and Unity Memorial Service

Saturday, January 7, 1933, 8 P. M.
EDITH LLOYD JONES
Mr. Francis Neilson, Presiding.

I. Prayer.....Rev. John Haynes Holmes

Dear friends, I hold in my hands this little volume of prayers by Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, published a good while ago, and I shall ask you to join me in prayer in the words of Dr. Jones.

"Reveal to us, Father, the sanctities of life this evening. Touch us with a new sense of the sacredness of living. Help us to realize that thy touch is on every life and thy spirit moveth every soul. Help us, Father, to recognize our lowly origin that we may realize that thou hast raised thy prophets and thy saints out of the soil that gave us life. Help us to realize that we are brothers and sisters to those bright ones who made life noble and rich by sacrifice, who glorified the day in which they lived by giving of their lives to truth, to beauty, to justice. Amen."

We lift our hearts, in this blessed hour, in tender memory of a day that is dead, and a life that has ceased to be. We recall the touch of the vanished hand and the sound of the voice that is still. We think of the work well done, and the duties, large and small, so faithfully discharged. We feel again the grace of Christian womanhood, and see, as it were, the reborn light of friendship, hospitality and love. Through the spaces of these rooms, there comes to our quickened ears the tread of feet moving steadfastly upon the daily round of patient services.

O may we be worthy at this hour of the memories that crowd upon us, the memories of this gracious woman, our beloved friend, and of him who was the guide, counsellor and companion of her days, these two who together made this place a temple of the soul. May the spirit which was in them be in us also, enabling us to rise to the measure of the stature of their being.

Francis Neilson, Chairman

My Dear Friends: I believe the chairman should say very little. I know that what I might say would be much better said by those whom I shall call upon.

In just a few words I should like to remark that I was with Mrs. Jones during some very trying times, and I often thought, after I left her, what a perfect specimen she was of that person who could go through great mental turmoil without losing equanimity of spirit.

During the very difficult days when America entered the war, I came into this building frequently expecting to see those concerned in its mission and purpose thoroughly disturbed and downcast. When, for instance, the censors were attempting in almost every way to stop the publication and circulation of UNITY, to my amazement, I found Mrs. Jones the least disturbed of all the people connected with the staff. She had a deep faith and belief that the troublous conditions would pass and better days come; that the country was suffering from a temporary madness, and that time would soon make the people well again.

Her enviable attitude of mind to life's distresses was known to all who came in close touch with her, either in connection with the Centre or UNITY itself. Her cheerfulness never deserted her, so far as we could see; her sorrows were kept apart, and few knew, under her smiling presence, what sufferings she sometimes endured.

She was a remarkable woman, to have passed through a period so difficult without outward sign of bitterness. She had the toughness of spirit which is essential in the making of a marytr.

Mr. Neilson: I shall call on Mrs. Neilson to read a resolution.

Mrs. Neilson read the following Resolution:

Board of Directors, Unity Publishing Company

WHEREAS, Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, for forty years, associated with UNITY, as secretary, contributor, editor, and business manager, passed away July 26th, 1932:

THEREFORE, Be it resolved that the Board of Directors of UNITY record their deep sense of loss of a friend and associate whose sympathy and guidance were long exerted in sustaining UNITY as a journal of international understanding.

Her never-failing interest in the principles laid down by its revered founder—Jenkin Lloyd Jones—was, during the sad days of the war, expressed without fear or hesitation, and gave encouragement to her associates to uphold the cause of truth and liberty. She never spared herself in the prosecution of all the arduous tasks which confronted the publication of this journal when liberty of speech was denied the peace-loving citizens of our country.

UNITY is deeply indebted to her, especially during the difficult years after Mr. Jones' death, for the wisdom and kindliness which gathered and held a staff of devoted writers.

Her courage was as high as her hope of a return to the old ideals.

To her children, whom we have known so many years, we offer our tender sympathy, knowing that their mother's life will ever be a source of inspiration to them.

RESOLVED, that this resolution be spread upon the records of UNITY and that a copy be sent to the children of Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

But my own love, respect and devotion to Mrs. Jones will not permit me to stop here. It is with mingled feelings that I stand before you tonight. A deep sense of grief and loss of our valued friend and counsellor predominates—yet there is a little joy that I can pay tribute to our beloved Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Others will speak of her achievements, her civic work, her influence upon the community. I take it upon myself to speak of her as a woman.

During the thirty odd years that I have been associated with the old All Souls Church and Abraham Lincoln Centre, Mrs. Jones has played a very active and important part. Her courage and her gentleness will always be associated in my mind.

One look at her face, or the sound of her gentle word, quieted a restless heart—my own included. I count her friendship as one of my dearest blessings. Her calm outlook on life and death had a great influence upon many who came into contact with her and gave them courage to go on, when all looked dark about them.

"The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord," is the thought which I believe she would like us to carry away with us.

Mr. Neilson: I shall now call on Mr. R. J. Neal to say some words for the neighborhood.

R. J. Neal

When Mrs. Levinson very graciously asked me the other day to say a few words, I did not know I was going to be called upon to make a talk. I do esteem it to be a privilege to be here tonight. I knew Mrs. Jones a very great number of years. I knew her very well, not only in her work for the community, but in the bank. We had a chance to talk. I realized

that she was always working for the benefit of this community. I really esteem it a privilege to be one of those at this gathering to do her honor tonight. I recall her cooperation, and remember her as a person of charm who made people feel at home. I think it was her desire at all times to have the neighborhood people realize the importance of Abraham Lincoln Centre in extending the privileges of art and culture. She made that predominant.

I might in closing say that I appreciate the opportunity of being here to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. Jones, because she meant so much to our neighborhood.

Mr. Neilson: Mrs. Ayres will speak for the youth of Lincoln Centre.

Mrs. Harry S. Ayres

One evening about six years ago a small group of neighbors stood with Mrs. Jones, watching the destruction by fire of a house which fifty years ago had been her home. It had then stood on the corner of Fortieth and Cottage Grove Avenue but had long since been moved to the back of a lot to make room for a large apartment building. Mrs. Jones spoke that evening of the people she had known in the neighborhood, old friends who had moved away, and the new families who had taken their places. Always through these years Mrs. Jones had been a good neighbor. Her children had attended the schools and had grown up in Oakland. She knew personally many of the mothers and fathers who were striving to educate and raise their boys and girls to be honest and upright. She made Lincoln Centre a clean, well ordered place for them to come to. I remember how pleased Mrs. Jones was at meeting a Mrs. B., a good Irish neighbor, at work in a down town department store. She congratulated this mother on her fine family and received the answer, "Yes, they have all turned out well, but it could not have been done without Lincoln Centre. The fine clean place and the good people." Another day, a cab-driver on receiving her instructions to drive to 700 Oakwood Boulevard, answered proudly, "Oh, yes, Mrs. Jones, I know, I was a Lincoln Centre boy." Such contacts were a satisfaction to one who had spent so many years helping to make such a Lincoln Centre possible.

For many years a Mothers and Daughters dinner was a part of our spring program. Mrs. Jones always enjoyed these occasions, and was especially pleased when we had several groups of three generations, grandmother, mother and daughter, all attending together. I could tell you of so many kindnesses to our young people. Typical is the story of Anna, a Bohemian girl, not very neat, who joined our Girl Scout Group. She needed everything the Scout training could do for her, but Anna, married and deserted, had a two-year old baby-boy who came along and disturbed seriously the orderly Scout meetings, to the dismay of the girls. This came to the ear of Mrs. Jones, who carried the baby up to her room, where he was washed, storied and put to sleep, until his mother was ready to go home. Before the next meeting night, Mrs. Jones had purchased for Anna a complete new uniform, and an arrangement was made with a neighbor to care for the baby. So Anna had her chance to become a good girl Scout. She soon began to look and act like other nice girls and her little family became reconciled and are now living happily together.

I want to show to you the part Mrs. Jones played in the lives of the Lincoln Centre members, the friendships of long years with members of the Mothers' Club and more recent ones with the Better Housewives. No gift pleased her more than the luncheon cloth and napkins hemstitched with loving care by the Negro mothers, and presented to her at the tea she gave for them as her farewell when she left the Centre.

Not the least of her kindnesses was the loving care and the mothering of the Residents and Workers. If you were ill, it was almost worth the sick spell to be cared for in her efficient way.

She took a personal interest in the help and their families. Her room was a haven for all of us, where our problems were talked over and we were given honest and sometimes very frank advice, which, whether followed or not, usually proved to be sound and right.

Even during the last year from her home in Minneapolis came packages with thoughtful gifts. A pair of blankets for a young mother, a suit that would look well on one of the men. Numerous practical things, all evidence of her continued interest and love. We will always love her memory and miss our good friend and neighbor, Mrs. Jones.

Mr. Neilson: We are to be favored with a hymn by John Greene, accompanied by Mrs. Leonard V. Koos, "The Lord Is My Shepherd."

Mr. Neilson: I shall now call upon our good friend Mr. Levinson to speak for Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Salmon O. Levinson

I am very much affected and am much pleased to be here and to be able to praise in a small way our memory of Mrs. Jones. I am sure that I will be in accord with the later speakers as I have been with the previous ones in all the fine and worthy and just things that have been said about Mrs. Jones.

I want to touch on perhaps a minor key, which, however, to me is not a minor key. As I have sat here the last few minutes and listened, for some reason my mind has sort of rolled back to when I had very little contact with Abraham Lincoln Centre and when I used to meet Mrs. Jones occasionally. In illustrating my point about Mrs. Jones I am carried back to when Lincoln Centre was across the street in All Souls Church, a great many years ago, probably thirty-five, and the dean of the World Peace advocates of that generation was speaking, Dr. David Starr Jordan, on Sunday night, and he made this statement: There are three great things in life, knowledge, skill and virtue. Knowledge consists in knowing how to do a thing. You may know how to build a house, or bake bread, or do a chore, or do something greater. Skill consists in your not only knowing how it is done but in being able to do it yourself. But virtue consists in doing the thing. Without virtue, knowledge and skill do not count.

I have coupled that with what a few years later I heard, I don't think at Lincoln Centre but in this neighborhood, from Lorado Taft, a lecturer. He said that the most of life consists of commonplaces, of commonplace things, of ordinary things, within the reach and grasp of most of us.

The very great impression through the years of business contact, as well as social contact, with Mrs. Jones, that I had and have, perhaps more strongly than any other, is her unfailing ability and efficiency in doing what may be called the commonplaces of our daily life. I don't think I ever dealt with anybody about whom I felt so sure that whatever it was I asked her to do or

whatever it was her part to do would be done and would be admirably done. I never gave a second thought to anything that Mrs. Jones undertook to do, and if she did not understand me—perhaps I do not speak very plainly, and frequently I speak very hurriedly—she would ask me again and find out what it was, and it would be done. I never knew her to fail.

In a way, I take it that if you add together what Professor Taft said about life being filled up for the most part with what are ordinary things, commonplaces, and that great quality of the virtue of doing these commonplace things (and you get from Mrs. Jones that virtue of doing these commonplaces), you get the uncommonplaces. By doing the ordinary well, efficiently, properly, you get the uncommon. Out of the little you get the big. And that is the difference between success and failure. So I regard it. I wish to lay that little wreath upon the grave of her memory.

Mr. Neilson: I am so glad that Miss Jane Addams can be with us tonight. She has had a very long association with Lincoln Centre. We are very glad to welcome her here. She will speak for social service.

Miss Jane Addams

It gives me pleasure to bear my testimony to the worthiness and to the straightforwardness and to the ability of Mrs. Jones's life in her devotion to All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre. I remember her first most clearly after Lincoln Centre was built. She came over to Hull House to ask some questions as to certain details of administration which she was finding difficult. We had a long talk about that thing which economists would call a minimum degree of maximum efficiency, if I may use that stilted phrase. In other words, how far can you use rooms over and over again efficiently, and how far can you avoid building and opening up more rooms than you can thoroughly use day by day. She was so alive to the whole situation of having to do with people of all ages and all kinds, with all sorts of requirements, from the simplest apparatus to the most complicated musical and artistic equipment, and that the same mechanism would have to serve over and over again. I remember being much impressed with her straightforward approach to the whole situation, her unwillingness to pretend anything was otherwise than what it was, and her ability to formulate what was a rather difficult thing to formulate.

I recall, very vividly, the occasion when I went with her to Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap. I think you know that Mr. Jones went there year after year when his health demanded a milder climate than Chicago afforded. It was a great pleasure to hear him talk about Lincoln Memorial University. After his death they founded a memorial to him there, a lectureship in which people were to carry on some of the lectures on the great landmarks of literature, if that is a permissible phrase, about which he had spoken to them so many times.

Mrs. Jones and I went down together, with one or two others in the party, to attend the little ceremony. After a comradeship of several days and nights, I had a feeling that I had never known her before, that I had lost a great opportunity in not having known her better in earlier times. She was naturally much moved by the whole occasion. The enthusiasm of the students for her husband was genuine; the spring was coming on in that lovely mountain region with the colors which at that time of year in the upper mountain ranges are very beautiful. There was an impression on my mind which it was hard for me to disentangle, the sweetness of this newly-widowed woman, resolved to carry on what she knew so well were her husband's aims. In her approach to the very simple people who came to see her there, she was determined to further the fine things which Dr. Jones had worked for, that they might be carried on here and everywhere where his influence had made itself felt. I came back with a new impression not only of Dr. Jones himself—of course I had known and admired him for years—but with a new interpretation of him through his wife.

There is a great deal to be said about Dr. Jones's contribution to the social service record in this city. Years ago, when he was carrying on his work across the street, we all went about doing what we might of this or that for people in need, but social service and the social worker in schools and elsewhere were then all outside of one's experience. Through all of those many years, as we worked towards the standards we have more or less achieved now, Mrs. Jones steadily made her contribution. I think it was at the memorial service for Dr. Jones where Mr. Levinson and others of you spoke, that Mrs. Kent made it clear that Dr. Jones had always insisted that the young people who came to his classes should really study. He did not want the place cluttered up with a lot of people not intending to study. Mrs. Jones had profited from his long insistence upon hard work. She used to say that she was learning as she went along, learning from life, which, after all, is a very good way to learn. Mrs. Jones affords a good example for all of us who are active in social service. You cannot be efficient unless you use your mind, and if you use your mind effectively you must apply it to the social problems as they arise.

Social service workers are having a very hard time in Chicago this winter. Life is not easy from any point of view. When one part of the community undertakes to feed a very large share of the other part, you have already divided it into distinct parts, which in itself creates a very unnatural, difficult and perplexing situation. It was in such conditions that Mrs. Jones so often rendered assistance. When perplexing situations arose, she never failed. And I think we may tonight look to her example for help in these troublesome times in which we are now living—we find help and reassurance.

Mr. Neilson: For UNITY, to which Mrs. Jones devoted so many hours, I shall call on Dr. Holmes.

Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It seems to me that this little meeting held here at Abraham Lincoln Centre is a very lovely occasion. This is the place above all others where such a meeting as this should be held, and the persons gathered in this room, the younger and older persons, constitute just the kind of congregation that would have been dear to Mrs. Jones's heart. Abraham Lincoln Centre was a kind of shrine to her—she builded her life around it—and how radiant would be her face if she would look down upon this gathering here and see the full significance of its spiritual beauty.

The thing that I remember as having been impressed upon my mind when I first met Mrs. Jones was a certain culmination of qualities in her countenance. I think anyone who came into her presence was conscious of something mystical in her face. That

mystical countenance came from a combination of elements and experience.

On the one hand there were lines of care and signs of grief. I think I would almost say that her countenance was a painful one, because there was worry in it, and you had the feeling that she must have felt sorrow. As I came to know and love her, I came to feel that this sadness was a stamp which the outward world had placed upon her face. She was a sensitive soul, and the cares, troubles, trials and tribulations, not so much as her own life as of the dark world in which she lived, especially in later years, made their impression. Every face is a written record, and this was a record which the outward world was writing on her countenance.

On the other hand I seemed to find always in her face something sweet and tender and ineffably beautiful. In spite of all of the indications there of care, pain, and deep sensitiveness, there was always a certain ineffable radiance of serenity and peace, the sort of thing our Chairman has spoken of so beautifully tonight, for hers was a peaceful countenance.

Just as I said the lines of care were stamped by the outward world, so I suggest that the tenderness, sweetness, serenity of her countenance were the reflection, so to speak, of that light which was kindled by the fires within. There was something in her soul that looked out through her face, as a lovely countenance looks through the window of a home. I always felt, when with her, that I was in the conscious presence of that inner spirit. In her countenance, so to speak, the inner and outer world met together, and created this lovely face which was the true reflection and radiance of her own spirit.

I have the feeling that Mrs. Jones must have been very beautiful when she was young, for she was beautiful in her later years. But in her youth it would have been a very different kind of beauty, a beauty of the flesh rather than a beauty of the spirit. Some of you may recollect a remarkable statement which has impressed me in regard to this mystical matter of beauty. Miss Maude Royden said in a sermon that no woman was to blame in her youth if she was not beautiful, but every woman in her later years was very much to blame if she was not beautiful. In other words, there is a creative element at work here in every face, this creative element that springs from the combination, so to speak, of the outer world working on the inner spirit and the inner spirit shining on the outer world. The result is this strange and curious and ineffably wonderful thing that is known as beauty, first seen in the flesh and then so greatly transcending the flesh and becoming a thing of the spirit. That beauty Mrs. Jones had to an extraordinary degree, and more vivid than anything else at this moment before me as I speak is the loveliness of this face which was the expression of her inner life.

There must be many persons in this room who know more about Mrs. Jones than I do. I should be baffled and embarrassed if asked to tell the story of her life or to write her biography, and would show a great deal of ignorance. I know Mrs. Jones had a happy and rich as well as a fruitful life. She was a wife and mother, and knew all the joys and satisfactions therefore, of life as expressed through the home. Beyond that, her life was crowned by service in the community through many years. She had that thing which I have come to feel is the final satisfaction of life, the opportunity and privilege of building life into an institution. Sometimes this building of life can be interpreted in a selfish way, as though in building our lives into an institution we are building a monument or a mausoleum, which will keep alive our insignificant existence through the years. How frequently we say this institution, or this work, is a "monument" to a person, as though the person had been spending years in rearing a monument on which a name was to be stamped, so that his memory might endure through years to come. I suppose some people have built themselves into institutions in this selfish, self-centered and self-conscious way. But this is not what I have in mind, and certainly not what Mrs. Jones had in mind if she ever had such a thing in mind at all. Her happiness was to be found in the fact that she built her life into an institution in the sense that she found in the outer world something infinitely larger and greater than herself in which she could be absorbed, so that this institution could feed upon it, as a child feeds upon a mother, her vitality becoming a part of the vitality of this greater thing. That is what the great Nazarene had in mind when he spoke about losing our lives, and this is what I have in mind in speaking of this building of ourselves into institutions. We lose our lives in the life of the world as objectified in some form of organization for which many people greatly care, and which in itself contributes much to the lives of many people.

It is in this sense that Mrs. Jones's life was rich and fruitful and happy. I knew her primarily through UNITY. But I did not know her at all until UNITY had fallen on troublous times. Just because of this fact I think I knew her at her best, for she was one of those persons who, not broken by trouble, rises ever to meet and overcome it. The situation as regards UNITY was desperate. It was a very unpopular paper because through Dr. Jones and his fellow-workers it had taken what was then the wrong side of the war, and all the power and authority of the government was aimed against it to the end of its destruction. On the other hand, at just this time, there came the calamity of Dr. Jones' death. It was as though a little ship were caught in a mighty storm at sea, with the prospect every hour of the winds and waves overwhelming it, and at that dreadful moment the captain were swept off the bridge by a giant wave, and the little boat left helplessly to wallow in the sea. It was at that time that Mrs. Jones leaped to the bridge, so to speak, and took command of the ship. She not only kept it afloat, which was a real achievement at such a time; but what was an infinitely greater achievement, she kept it on its course, and I tell you this meant not only stress and agony of spirit, but also wisdom and dauntless courage. When I think of Mrs. Jones in connection with UNITY I think of this achievement.

Then there is another thing which became manifest at this time and also later. In due course, after the waters had quieted and the storm had blown by and things had become comparatively easy again, a new captain climbed on the bridge and took command. The storm, as I said, was over, sunny skies were overhead, things had become easier. Naturally, when there is a change of command, there come other changes; and changes are not always welcome. Thus, the present Editor of UNITY is not, cannot be, and does not want to be Dr. Jones. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was one of the saints and heroes of my life, but I never wanted to

become an imitation of any hero or saint, believing that every man's first duty is to be faithful to his own soul and to do his own work, however insignificant it may be.

All this means that, in the leadership of UNITY, one man passed and another man came. This brought to Mrs. Jones the most difficult and trying problem of human life, the problem of readjustment; and I saw Mrs. Jones go through that problem in a way that took my breath away. Mrs. Jones had lived for years as the fellow-worker and then the wife of Dr. Jones, she worshipped the man, believed everything he did was right because he did it; yet in spite of that fact, so far as I can recall, and I think my memory is not only accurate but complete, she never even suggested an objection to anything I wanted to do in my own way. When I proposed that we might change this, or had such arrogance as to suggest that we might improve that, I search my mind in vain for the memory of a single word of complaint or even of argument. She told me to go ahead—and helped me.

Mrs. Jones in her later years was the wife of Dr. Jones. With me she was a kind of mother. She bore a maternal aspect, without ever trying to "put it over" in terms of authority. She had always a sweet graciousness of understanding, the beneficence of an older person looking upon the endeavors and mistakes of a younger. She had that healing influence and that comfort which, like the skies above, are so blessed a thing. This is the period when Mrs. Jones, as I have said, was at her very best and proved her greatness.

There were certain qualities in Mrs. Jones's life which I shall not attempt to interpret but simply name. She had ability. She could do things. She was an efficient worker. Efficiency is one of the rarest things in this world, and Mrs. Jones had that quality preeminently. She possessed the spirit of consecration, which means on the one hand a certain stern, rigorous, unimaginative recognition of duty, and on the other hand, a far-reaching, imaginative vision of high and beautiful things to be realized by the spirit of devotion. I often think of UNITY as a kind of work of art, which through all these years Mrs. Jones was molding and fashioning with the devotion of a sculptor working with his clay. UNITY is very modest, perhaps not very important as things go in this world, but she loved it and believed in it, and molded it preeminently to the fashion of her own spirit, and she did this by her spirit of consecration.

Mrs. Jones was preeminently a minister, a servant. She gave herself to helping others, letting these others get the praise if there was any praise, and giving them recognition if the recognition was worth having. She fulfilled in the most exalted way that which the Nazarene said was the proudest thing in life, not to be ministered unto but to minister.

I have in my hand a beautiful book published not so long ago, a volume controversial in certain aspects, but not in the point of view which leads me to open it. It is "The Fountain," by Charles Morgan. There are many pages of it precious, not because they have anything to do with the work of fiction, but because they express the fine radiant thought of a rare mind upon the things of the spirit.

In this particular place at which I am looking, the author writes, speaking through the voice of one of his characters:

> Death is the answer (to the riddle of life). Not in the sense in which men say stupidly that death is the answer to all things, meaning only that they are tired of thought. When we are young children we know nothing of death. Then we become aware of it, recognize it, fear it, or conquer our fear of it, seeing it always objectively as something outside ourselves, a final pit, perhaps, or a pit which we shall climb out of into another life. But there is another stage in the knowledge of death. A man who ceases to regard it as something outside himself, and, so to speak, draws it into his consciousness and assimilates the idea of it, is completely changed. He is in all truth born again. He sees himself now in a second place absolutely. The arrogance, the delusion, that I have found is hardest to overcome in life, is the fatal delusion that we are all of us entitled to first place until we come to that rare moment when we discover in our experience that there is something that transcends us. Then we set up our shrines and our countries or our art or our work or our beloved one, what you will, and pour all our spiritual possessions into his lap. The true saint and philosopher is he who can kneel without an image because he sees himself in life absolutely in the second place and to kneel is an inward necessity to him.

Fate cannot touch such a man, for he has discovered what to put before himself, in the "first place," and that is the whole problem of life, says this writer, to find what to put before oneself in the "first place." Sometimes it is a work of art, sometimes a practical achievement of service, sometimes a dearly beloved soul. In the case of Mrs. Jones, it was all three, a triple altar before which, as a saint, she knelt and served.

Singing by John Greene

Benediction .....John Haynes Holmes

Now may the spirit of love dwell within our hearts, making us to be friends with one another and with the world, and ministers ever of brotherhood and peace. Amen.

In Remembrance*

It seems to me so appropriate to be here in this dear Bible Room with Mr. Jones' picture, for this reunion of friends who knew and loved Mrs. Lackersteen and Mrs. Jones. As Mrs. Lackersteen I did not come in close contact with her. Mr. Jones first made me realize what an important and necessary factor she was in the work of All Souls Church, Lincoln Centre and UNITY. One of her jobs was to see that the building was kept clean and comfortable for the numerous classes and clubs. So far as I knew that was all there was to it. It was my self-appointed task to get all the boys possible off the street through our "Open Door" into the basement, which we soon outgrew. No place but the Browning and Bible rooms was too good for our needs. I demanded some room upstairs for the boys. Mrs. Lackersteen said they simply couldn't have the boys running all over the building, they were such a nuisance. I went complaining to Mr. Jones. He said, "Well, if Mrs. Lackersteen said that, I will back her up. I would do that even if you were right and she wrong. Suppose you sit down, my child, while we talk this over. You should know me well enough to know that I am helpless when it comes to details. Even if I gave them all my time and thought they

*This paper was written for the memorial service but came too late, owing to there being no Saturday afternoon delivery.

would floor me. I cannot work in the midst of confusion, disorder, jealousy and gossip that is bound to come in a place like this; someone has to take care of all that for me. Can *you* do it? Well, do you know anyone who can and will? Neither do I know of anyone who will do it as well as Mrs. Lackersteen does it. All such annoyances stop outside my study door. In some way she changes gossip into friendliness, jealousy into cooperation, disorder into order, and I am left free to do the things that seem to me worth while. Do you not see why I must back Mrs. Lackersteen even if she is mistaken about your boys? But bring in your boys, the more the merrier. That is what we are here for, to take care of the neighborhood problems and nuisances. I am sure that we will find a place for them that will satisfy you." It was Mrs. Lackersteen, who found a way to clean and paint the basement. Even curtains were put at the windows and chairs and tables provided for our games.

It was not until we were tried in the fires of hate and suspicion engendered by the war that I felt that I really knew Mrs. Jones, and not until Mr. Jones's death did I appreciate her rare discriminating taste and her fine ability along many lines. It was then that I realized that we were violating one of Mr. Jones's oft repeated cautions, "Never use a razor to cut kindling wood, it ruins the razor. There are always hatchets, get one."

Mrs. Jones was a rare combination of Mary and Martha. She did the work of Martha, which must be done in an institution like Lincoln Centre, because she loved Lincoln Centre and all it stood for. She did it as if the hard work were a joy. In addition she was responsible for all the details of the church work, classes, and UNITY. She selected those beautiful poems for UNITY that, as it should ever be with beauty, gave us comfort and inspiration.

None of us who were present can ever forget the beauty of the funeral service for Mrs. Roos. With gentle hand Mrs. Jones drew aside the veil and revealed the Face of Death wearing a tender, welcoming smile for the old, the weary, the heavily laden. During the awful war years Death had come to seem like some hideous monster. But as we sat there we knew that death was kind, even to the boys on the battle front. The hideous monster was national greed. Death rescued millions from the agony and torture our generation had doomed our sons to bear. Mrs. Jones helped us to see death as a friend, a rescuer, a soother in that most tender and loving funeral service for our friend.

It was such glimpses of Mrs. Jones that made us wish that she could be free from Martha's job, free to devote herself to Mary's task of writing the books about Jenkin Lloyd Jones, his friends, and their contribution to liberal religion. The leisure came too late. Other loving hands must fill in the outline which Mr. Jones gave her one morning after sleepless hours during those last hard war years.

If I can, I want to share with you a happy reunion we had in Mount Pleasant last July: just such a happy, helpful reunion as this should be. This is probably the last intimate occasion we older workers will have to remind each other of the joy of friendships made in earnest work together, to renew our ideals. To those who are to carry on we can wish nothing better than such friendships, such tests to prove the best that is in them, such optimism and the assurance that it is worth all that it costs.

Mrs. Blanchard was to stop off in Cedar Rapids, from where we were to get her for a promised visit. She telephoned, "Mary Lackersteen and Hazel Brown, will bring me down." Later another message came from Mary Lackersteen saying, "Mother and Wynne are here. May we all come?" About 8 o'clock that evening, July 2nd, the car rolled up to the front door with a happy laughing crowd. We forgot for a time that any of us were older than Mary and Hazel. Then it was revealed that Mrs. Jones had attended all the political conventions, by way of radio, sitting up all night until Roosevelt was nominated, then had gotten in the car with Wynne to drive to Cedar Rapids. At that we decided that we all needed a good night's rest more than anything else.

When Wynne and I were alone I discovered that she was kept erect with a heavy brace and was really very ill. "How could you, Wynne, drive from Minneapolis to Cedar Rapids?" "Dearest wanted to come. All they had to do was to get me in the car. I could handle the wheel. Dearest doesn't know how bad it is and we do not want her to know." Dearest was spared knowledge of all the awful agony that Wynne suffered until she was released the day before Christmas. As the girls called her Dearest, so we all called her Dearest.

Sunday we spent in talk and gossip. We talked of the conventions, their wet platforms, and wished that Norman Thomas had a dry one. We talked of the delegates yelling and clamoring for beer though they had just passed by the lines of hungry people, wanting work and food. We wondered if delegates could not or would not think. We decided that as they were professional politicians they were probably trying to focus the people's attention on beer while they pulled off some trick such as getting out of discontent and despair a bigger and better elephant, or a louder braying donkey. We decided we had better forget the beer and watch the politicians. As people seek life preservers when they fear the ship may sink, so we got the hymn books and sang, "Oh Beautiful My Country," "Hear, Hear All Ye Nations," "The Morning Hangs Its Signal," "The Crowning Day Is Coming."

We gossiped of England, France, Germany, Italy, Poland and Russia. From all their greed, and hates, sorrows and suffering, depending on force and war, we went again and again to find comfort with Gandhi, and the Editor of UNITY went with us in our thoughts. From the war in China we turned to the Outlawry of War, thankful that we had been near when that great idea came forth to make War a crime for all time. We talked of the old days and of the old friends and wished many of you could be with us. Again we went to the piano to sing with Mrs. Marean, "My Life Is Like a Little Boat," and Mrs. Jones' favorite, "I Would Be True." Then we joined James H. West in his song, "Good Shall Conquer, Never Fear." Perhaps our hymns were prayers, a reaching out, a longing, an attempt to get hold of the sort of optimism that Mr. Jones had and the world so sorely needs today. Not the optimism of ignorance, selfishness, or indifference, but optimism that is like the century old trees scarred by lightning, wind and storm, burned by fire, and shaken by earthquake, yet standing with roots going ever deeper as their branches reach up higher and higher into infinite space.

So Sunday passed, another night and another day. They stayed until after lunch when with promises of another visit, mutual assurance of the joy we had

given each other, with laughter to hide our deeper feelings, they left with the old benediction in our hearts, "Father, let thy blessing touch us and remain." The old home had again been blessed with friends who had come and gone, leaving something of themselves behind to fill days and nights with real companionship.

That night at the Country Club in Cedar Rapids came the fall, the broken hip, the suffering not too intense and the end. With characteristic thoughtfulness for others, fearing that I would in same way blame the visit for the fall, Mrs. Jones from her bed of pain sent word, "Tell Mrs. Smith I am so glad we went. I am still enjoying our happy visit" and "I am again under the beautiful trees."

If Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Blanchard and I choose to believe death is not the end, if we believe the riches of the spirit are far above all other wealth and are everlasting, it is not that we are ignorant or superstitious. We stood last July hand in hand before the mysteries of life and death. We regarded with awe the work of the scientists making us know that we are yet but ignorant children who would be presumptuous to say this is or is not so. We knew what love and devotion stood for, we knew the unrealized possibilities of most lives, and we chose to believe that somehow, life and death, that which was before and that which comes after, is all good.

OLIVE COLE SMITH.

A Telegram

How I long for the matchless gift of expression possessed by my beloved friend Edith Lloyd Jones that would enable me to say something worthy of this finest type of womanhood. In one of her letters to me, referring to a close friend, she expressed what I saw as a reflection of her own life deepened in those last beautiful days before her passing:

"Her spirit weaves into a living whole the intangible things which are yet so real: all lovely thoughts, gracious impulses, kindly deeds. Thanks be to the good Father of us all for this revelation of himself whom I have been privileged to know. When I think of her and of Mr. Jones I know that I have glimpsed a bit of heaven here on earth."

MARY VAN VECHTEN BLANCHARD.

Board of Trustees Resolution — Abraham Lincoln Centre

WHEREAS: The members of the Board of Trustees of Abraham Lincoln Centre feel a deep sense of loss in the death on July 26, 1932, of Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose diverse activities and unfailing loyalty were for more than forty years a source of strength and support far beyond material appraisal, and

WHEREAS: her services as assistant in the church that preceded the building of Abraham Lincoln Centre, her courage in the difficult days preceding and during the World War, when the pastor spoke so bravely against all war, and

WHEREAS: her activities in the Centre as Superintendent, as Assistant Treasurer, as Head Resident and home-maker for the resident staff, carrying on with devotion and skill the work of the founder, and

WHEREAS: her services in sickness and death; her unsparing efforts to promote welfare in the neighborhood and in the larger community of the city of Chicago; make her passing a personal and communal loss to the hundreds who were her beneficiaries:

THEREFORE: Be it Resolved, that the Board of Trustees place upon the records of Abraham Lincoln Centre, this expression of appreciation and affection for their friend, and of grateful acknowledgment of her work; and hereby direct the Secretary to place a copy in the hands of her children.

Eternal Power

The Power that keeps the stars in place,
Resplendent in the sky;
The Power that holds the tides in check
When restless oceans sigh;

The Power that fills the pathless woods,
And smiles within the rose,
Moves in the smallest creeping thing,
And in the sunset glows.

That Power the soul of man upholds
In sorrow, stress and storm,
And ever from the darkest night
Awakes the brightest morn.

That Power from height to depth proclaims
A vast, unchanging plan,
Evolving from a grain of dust
Divinity in man.

CARINE L. ROSE

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are in vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Come silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light.
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly.
But westward, look, the land is bright!

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

Other Tributes

Evelyn H. Walker,
Long Beach, Cal.:

I deeply regret that illness and distance made it impossible for me to be present in body at the service for Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones though my spirit was there. Although the occasion has passed, it is impossible for me to put pen to paper bearing her name without some word to at least faintly express my respect, admiration and love which I felt for her throughout many years of close association and shall ever feel.

Mrs. Jane Porter,
Swarthmore, Pa.:

I should like to be present at the Memorial Exercises for "Aunt Edith." I loved her from the first time I met her with her four children spending the summer in the Hillside valley. She was always so cheery and sympathetic—I never saw her out of temper, though often in trying places. My remembrance of her is precious—a quiet poise—a low, sweet voice and a tender spirit, and always that keen appreciation of humor, that twinkle in her eyes and understanding. I am glad of this Memorial to her.

Frederick and Grace Bagley (Telegram),
Boston, Mass.:

We deeply regret our inability to attend the Memorial Meeting of Mrs. Edith Lloyd Jones tonight. We join you in appreciation of her great ability and her lifelong and selfless devotion to the cause of liberal religion.

Rabbi Joseph Stolz,
Chicago, Ill.:

I appreciate very much your invitation to attend the Memorial Meeting in memory of Mrs. Edith Lloyd Jones, and regret that my health will not permit me to be present at the exercises intended to honor a very faithful and loyal yokefellow who was ever dependable and appreciative of her duties and responsibilities, as well as unusually able in the performance of her editorial tasks. I cherish her memory.

Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly,
La Jolla, Cal.:

I am glad to know that I have not missed the Memorial Number of UNITY. My heart is full of loving thoughts, but I do not feel equal to writing anything for publication. But I will say just this, if ever such a thing existed as a perfect friendship, my contacts with Edith Lackersteen-Jones for nearly half a century, register just that. She was the wisest, kindest, the least self-centered woman I ever met in my long life—a woman to expect any good thing of and never to be disappointed in such expectation. If you wanted a fitting quotation, or an elusive date, it was at the end of her tongue, if you wanted a knotty personal problem cleared, Edith Lloyd Jones could and did show you how to solve it. A confidant of a host of perplexities, she never bothered other people with her own innumerable worries. Yes, her friendship was an honor and a privilege that would stand out in the life of any woman as a thing to thank God for and to cherish as one of the most beautiful things possible to experience; and for my part, the highest, the best, the noblest recollections of my life will always gather around her memory.

Mrs. Minnie J. McArthur,
Hollywood, Cal.:

I can only say that I loved and appreciated my dear friend Edith Lloyd Jones for her many fine qualities. Her example to all who came in touch with her influence has left lasting impressions that time has never worn away. She stands alone as one woman who met every circumstance and condition with all of her strong forces organized to carry her friends and herself through whatever experiences came to her.

I remember so well her courage and fortitude when she was called upon to face the awful tragedy at Tower Hill—the loss of her dear and beautiful daughter Edith. It was a lesson to those of us who gathered around her, which we never forgot, and one that has helped us all to meet our deepest sorrows with more courage.

What a power for good is such a character: One whose works so surely do follow her. I am glad that I knew her. Blessed be her memory!

Mrs. Betty B. Conrad for
The Browning Class, Chicago:

To any one who was a member of the Browning Class at Lincoln Centre, Mrs. Jones will always live, as a vibrant and inspired lover of Browning's poetry.

Especially I see her as Mr. Jones led us through the intricate measures of "Sordello," and read the "Cavalier Songs," as only he could.

The swing and courage of them were a part of Mrs. Jones's "Credo" and I like to remember her fine voice, as she encouraged me, with the buoyant help in the music of:

> "Marching along—fifty score strong,
> Great hearted gentlemen, singing this song."

She often referred to the Browning Class, as the happiest hour of her life during the years from 1910-16 and I, remembering that, shall keep in mind one of her favorite Browning bits:

> "Above all crowding, crystal silentness.
> Above all noise, a silver solitude."

A. R. Bergesen,
Fargo, N. D.:

We deeply regret our inability to attend the Memorial Meeting for Mrs. Edith Lloyd Jones. We, both, were privileged to spend a most happy and rewarding year in Lincoln Centre some eighteen years ago. We came to know Mrs. Jones intimately and have kept in touch with her since.

Her integrity of purpose and the high standard which she consistently held before herself and her subordinates will always be a goal for us to attain. Lincoln Centre and UNITY have lost her personal presence but her influence will continue.

Benjamin March,
Detroit, Mich.:

I read your letter with sorrow, at the same time that I was grateful to you for thinking of me. Although I have not seen your mother often in these later years, it was always good to feel and know that she was in this world adding to the sum total of the great intangible good of human kindliness. Life itself was always richer for the knowledge of her love. I doubt if I can ever fairly assess the fulness of what she meant to me. But I know that if there is in me any fineness of character, any abiding sense of real values, any measure of courage in adherence to them, one of the strongest forces moulding and fixing them was your mother's. More and more I realize the significance in the direction of my own life of those first post-war years. And although I was nominally devoting my attention to the University, I find that the Centre looms more largely in my thoughts and memories of that time. Until after the war I more or less took life for granted. I was idealistic, but the things I held good were not so because of any special analysis or rational connection. Then many things required thinking and weighing and discussing and evaluating, and at that time it was that your mother granted me a place in her affections and helped to reshape the content of my attitude toward life. I think that never was a man more blessed than I in his human relationships, in his parents and in those who gave him friendships. And if there is a hand that guides our fates it was moved by a profound intention for my good in taking me to your mother just when it did.

Now I find myself dazed by her going, terribly aware of something out of order, out of adjustment, realizing that physical death is inevitable and not a matter for resentment, unable to think of her as other than a noble woman fully aware of life and ever courageously carrying on. I remember when at Tower Hill she showed me a bookplate which she had had made for one of the boys with the motto "Follow the gleam." As long as we try to follow that gleam that she helped us to see and to regard as valuable she must be real to us. For death, to the living, is always a kind of unreality, and whoever is real to us can never be dead. But you know what your mother was to me; perhaps you

know it better than I do; or you could not have written so beautifully and so kindly. And you know that I shall aways be proud and happy that she had room in her heart for me. . . .

Margaret and Bruce Robertson,
Chicago, Ill.:

Looking back at our six years as members of the resident staff at Lincoln Centre we realize how deeply our lives were affected by Mrs. Jones. Every physical need was met directly or indirectly through her generosity and wisdom. We were grateful to her for this service. As we gradually discovered the many other interests to which she gave herself unselfishly, our admiration grew profound. She did big things quietly.

With a staff made up largely of college students there was a strong tendency for us to over-emphasize the intellectual pursuits and fail to appreciate the value of the homely tasks. It was something of a shock for us to see a true intellectual, such as Mrs. Jones surely was, apply herself as diligently to these humble duties as she did to her more erudite interests.

Her greatest gift to us was the influence of her personal contact. Each one of us at times faced important personal problems. Mrs. Jones never offered advice but, if appealed to, would generously draw on her fund of experience; her wisdom and perseverance seldom failed. Her refusal to accept anything but the best might have made her a difficult taskmistress had not her sense of humor been unfailing.

Finally, we are not glad that Mrs. Jones has been spared these desperate times. She was able. Her unfailing optimism and indomitable spirit would have carried her and those close to her safely through.

Irene Cramer,
Chicago, Ill.:

Always have I been inexpressibly grateful for having had the opportunity of living and working closely with Mrs. Jones at the Centre. I, like every other human, who had the privilege of knowing her and her philosophy of people, things, and ideals, have realized an infinite number of times what a beautiful and stabilizing influence she has been in my life. Truly, ever has it been remarkable to me that she could give so much of herself—her precious energy and time—to so young a person.

Even in times of bitterest controversy Mrs. Jones was a sort of rock where one could find shelter from the winds and storms; her sympathetic introspection and understanding of human nature gave great depth to our lives and height to our feelings. Seemingly, with her, has gone the very foundation of Lincoln Centre and all the beauty which it radiated to the lives of its workers and members. But it is our sincere hope that those of us whose lives were touched by the dynamic magnetism of her personality and vision of the ultimate realities of things, may be able to carry on the torch which she has left burning brilliantly. In this way perhaps we will be able, in part at least, to reflect some of the joy, beauty and inspiration which she gave to us.

If I can lay my walls as firmly as she did, drawing diversified materials from every level, carefully, thoughtfully, precisely laying each rock, no matter how unimportant or insignificant it seemed in the whole scheme of things, —if when I reach her age, I can look back upon my life's work, my heaven-pointing towers and find no cracks or strains in them, I shall consider that I have made a great success of my life.

Somehow Mrs. Jones seemed to have within herself all that man can ever know of beauty, all the wonder, all the power, all the unearthly color, all the glow,—within her "Universal Beauty" wandered alone, and in accordance with her consistent desire for conduct and beauty she grew and gave throughout the years, freeing others from poverty of mind and showing them themselves as sources to be explored.

These impressions of Mrs. Jones are indeed only a few of the many which come rushing to my mind; it is difficult to speak of one who meant so much to me and my development. Grief-stricken and overcome with sorrow I cannot say more about the woman whose influence I shall never forget or cease to be grateful for—always will I see many things through her eyes.

Hymn

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple peaceful evermore;
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in thee.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

My Dead

I cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

,The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

—Frederick L. Hosmer.

How shall we honor them, our Deathless Dead?
How keep their mighty memories alive?
In him who feels their passion, they survive!
Flatter their souls with deed, and all is said!
In the heroic soul their souls create
Is raised remembrance past the reach of fate.

—Edwin Markham.

The Birth of Beauty

A young girl left the cottage, early one summer morning, to watch the sun rise over Lake Winnebago. Hurrying along, she noticed a cocoon on a shrub near the garden path. An hour passed quickly, as she watched the pink mist rise in the east and the rim of the rose-red sun emerge from the water. Slowly, the tiny crescent grew larger and larger, and the golden ball filled the lake with radiance.

Returning to her home, her thoughts centered upon the marvelous sight she had just seen, she would have passed the cocoon unnoticed but that she saw a slight movement and stopped to examine. Sure enough, the cocoon was gently quivering—then the quivering developed into convulsions, and the cocoon burst apart before her wondering eyes. There, within its folds was a disgusting, repulsive sight—apparently one of those green, hundred-legged worms which had been the horror of her childhood. Her thoughts reverted to the days when she and her sister had had a swing on an old willow tree. Such a worm fell down upon her lap or the ground beneath, occasionally, and then she avoided the swing for many days.

This disgusting creature was covered with slime, and it soon began to shiver and, gradually, two long antennae detached themselves from the body and slowly came into position in front of the head. More quivering and quaking ensued and, finally, a little film detached itself flutteringly from the worm's sides. Sporadically this film opened and closed like a fan, until two perfect wings came into view. The wings moved fitfully and then swayed with a rhythmic movement in the light breeze, until the moisture evaporated. For a moment, this incomparably beautiful creature, a lunar moth, of the most glorious color in the world—robin's egg blue—measuring at least six inches from wing-tip to wing-tip, poised. Then, with one mighty effort, the moth detached itself completely from the remnants of the cocoon, reeled like a yacht ploughing through stormy waves, righted itself and floated off. The child watched it spell-bound, until it melted into the blue of the heavens.

A half century has passed since that sunny morning, but the once-young girl still recalls it as one of her keenest and most prized memories.

The Butterfly

I hold you at last in my hand,
  Exquisite child of the air.
Can I ever understand
  How you grew to be so fair?

You came to my linden tree
  To taste its delicious sweet;
I sitting here in its shadow and shine
  Playing around its feet.

Now I hold you fast in my hand,
  You marvellous butterfly,
Till you help me to understand
  The eternal mystery.

From the creeping thing in the dust
  To this shining bliss in the blue!
God give me courage to trust
  I can break my chrysalis too!

—Alice Freeman Palmer.

H. S. N.

Fulfillment

Who planted it I do not know,
  Nor when, but hidden there
It must have laid through winter's cold,
Down in the darkness of the mold,
  With God alone to care;
But on that morning in the spring,
  The earth still winter-bound,
When first I saw the radiant flower,
Its perfume spilling like a shower,
  My heart new courage found.

A thought grew in a prophet's heart,—
  Whence came it none may know,—
It flourished in the dark and cold,
Through agony and grief untold,—
  God only saw it grow;
This thought-flower blossomed at its time,
  And when its leaves uncurled
Its beauty vanquished doubt and pain,
Its fragrance flooded hearts of men
  And vitalized a world.

—Althea A. Ogden.

A Joy Within

A joy within, a hope ahead
That springeth still when joy is dead,
A love that gives, nor, giving, asks
Return or count of Love's sweet tasks:

These and the last high gift of heaven,
The crowning grace to mortals given,
To see beneath the winter snow
The violets of April blow,

To hear within the wintry snow
The bluebird's song come floating past;
If this be thine no grief there be
Can teach thy soul adversity.

If this be thine, the grayest skies
Shall flash in rainbows of surprise,
And messengers of Sorrow sent
Shall fold thy heart in sweet content.

—Evelyn H. Walker.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
  Not its likeness, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
  When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
  The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
  Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

—Abt Vogler.

The Field

(*Continued from page 98*)

people must of necessity learn only through experience. How absurd! The chief function of education is to save youth from unnecessary and often disastrous experiment. One does not need to permit his son to smash an automobile into a tree in order that the boy may learn to drive.

Five fundamental facts concerning alcoholic beverages are generally admitted. For parents to permit young people to go out into the modern world without knowledge of these facts is nothing short of criminal.

Fact 1. Alcohol is a drug which even in moderate, but regular, doses tends to slow down the body-brain machine and lower resistance to disease.

How common it is to hear a doctor say, "So-and-so might have recovered from that attack of pneumonia if he had not been a steady drinker. Scores of laboratory investigations show that alcohol is not a stimulant but a narcotic. Even small doses may cut down one's mental efficiency.

Fact 2. Alcoholic beverages tend to weaken one's power of inhibition.

A girl under the influence of even a small amount of alcohol should look at herself in a mirror. She would find that the sparkle in her eyes has become an unlovely sort of glitter, her mouth has grown heavy and hard. Ugliness has usurped the place of beauty. But that is not the worst of it. The "new psychology" plainly shows that our inner stability and therefore our happiness depends upon the degree of control over our primitive urges. Crises come—especially in the lives of young people—when one's future happiness or unhappiness depends upon self-control, and the presence or absence of even a small amount of alcohol in one's system may determine the issue.

Fact 3. Alcohol is a habit-forming drug.

To class intemperance in the use of alcohol with intemperance in the consumption of waffles and maple syrup is absurd. In the use of alcohol the tendency to repeat the dose in increasing quantities and at more frequent intervals is always present and no one can be sure that he has the power successfully to resist it. Once formed, the liquor habit is a serious handicap in the battle for success in any vocation.

Fact 4. The practice of drinking tends to bring in its train dire social consequences.

Elizabeth Tilton in a copy of *The Survey* in 1917 (before the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment), wrote:

"Alcohol is the immediate cause of about 10 per cent of our insanity; is an operating factor (at least in wet territory) in about 24 per cent of the families reporting to organized charity; the Court of Domestic Relations in Chicago finds that over 40 per cent of their broken homes connect with alcohol; the Committee of Fifty found 45 per cent of children annually deserted or neglected have intemperate parents or guardians; drink is a first cause in 31 per cent of crimes, an indirect cause in 50 per cent."

Fact 5. The liquor traffic, whether legalized or illegal, is a menace.

Young people who think that the legalization of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages will solve the problem should ask their parents about the "good old days before prohibition" when there were seven or eight open saloons to each city block and when liquor interests, hungry for dividends, corrupted city officials and state legislatures. When one reads the recent arguments of the brewing interests before a congressional committee in Washington, he realizes that these gentlemen expect to resist control with the same bitterness they displayed in the "good old days."

—*The Cleveland Unitarian.*

"There are strange ways of serving God:
You sweep a room or turn a sod,
And suddenly to your surprise
You hear the whirr of Seraphim
And find you're under God's own eyes
And building palaces for Him."

"... thy neighbor's landmark"

The ten Commandments did not complete God's injunctions to his Chosen People. As they entered the Promised Land, one more law thundered from the heavens: "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark." It was the eleventh commandment and by obeying it man was to gain economic happiness and peace.

... But man disobeyed and in that disobedience Francis Neilson has found rich material for a study of what modern life might be, had the sanctity of landmarks been preserved. His pages are filled with provocative discussion of civilizations that have collapsed in the past and of land aggrandizement and its connection with our present economic ills.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

by FRANCIS NEILSON

A timely volume which the intelligent reader will thoughtfully consider long after the last page has been turned.

$2.50

THE VIKING PRESS - NEW YORK

IMPORTANT!!!!

The March-April issue of

The New Humanist

includes the following significant articles, reviews and poetry

WHAT IS HUMANISM?
John H. Dietrich

PHILOSOPHY AND SHIRT-SLEEVES
Max C. Otto

RELIGION IN VARIOUS CULTURES
A. Eustace Haydon

THE UNIQUENESS OF MAN
Raymond B. Bragg

HUMANISM STATES ITS CASE
Edwin H. Wilson

A MAVERICK PSYCHOLOGIST
Maynard Shipley

THE CASE OF MR. BABBITT
Carl H. Grabo

THE EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY
Oliver L. Reiser

THRUSH CLEAR
Julia N. Budlong

To neglect the New Humanist is to fail to keep abreast of the most important trends of modern thought.

Single Copy 20c Yearly $1.00
Foreign $1.25

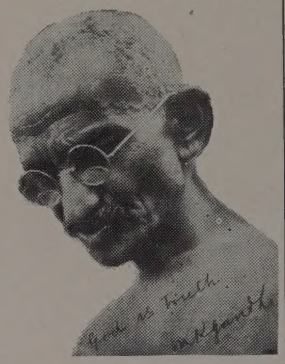
105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

the season's best offering

GANDHI
versus
THE EMPIRE

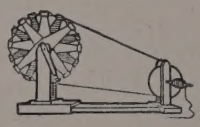
By Haridas T. Muzumdar

GANDHI



● We are happy to make the best offering of the season to readers and subscribers of UNITY. You love UNITY for its message and its program. You certainly have been awaiting the opportunity to get first hand information on the message and program of Mahatma Gandhi. GANDHI VERSUS THE EMPIRE by Dr. Haridas T. Muzumdar is just the book you need to inform you of the aims and personality of one of the greatest men of our times. Newspapers throughout the country have referred to the book as a monumental work and characterized it as a notable event in the publishing world.

● A great deal of important material, hitherto unavailable to the American public, is brought together in this volume. Gandhi's speeches at the Second Round Table Conference are here presented for the first time. The portrait of Gandhi's personality, the vivid account of India's Non-Violent Revolution, the penetrating analysis of Indo-British problems by the author, make this book unique in the Gandhi literature. The book is a large-sized octavo volume with a Foreword by Dr. Will Durant, 16 illustrations, 352 pages, and an exhaustive index.



● By special arrangement with the publishers we are able to offer our readers a copy of this book along with a subscription, new or renewed, to UNITY at great saving.

Yearly subscription to UNITY	$3.00	OUR COMBINATION
GANDHI VERSUS THE EMPIRE	$3.50	OFFER **$4.00**
	$6.50	

● Our plan, offering both UNITY and the book for the sum of $4.00, saves you $2.50. Send $4.00 immediately to UNITY. Your subscription to UNITY will be entered (or renewed), a copy of GANDHI VERSUS THE EMPIRE will be delivered to your address postpaid. You are at liberty to have UNITY and the book sent to different addresses.

This offer expires May 15, 1933.

ORDER BLANK

UNITY, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith $4.00 (check or money order) for which you are to enter (renew) my subscription to UNITY for one year, and supply me a copy of GANDHI VERSUS THE EMPIRE by Dr. Haridas T. Muzumdar.

Please send UNITY from now on (after expiration of present subscription) for one year to:

Name .....

Address ..... City & State .....

● Please send GANDHI VERSUS THE EMPIRE to:

Name .....

Address ..... City & State .....

How They Acclaim it!

● Few men can be better equipped to present the compelling figure of Gandhi than Dr. Muzumdar. . . . Gandhi's words are there, the finest and most vital he has uttered . . . they are literature . . . when read as part of the great Indian drama they are living history. —*Detroit Evening News.*

● Dr. Haridas T. Muzumdar, semi-official representative of the Indian national movement in America, adds an item to Gandhi bibliography in writing GANDHI VERSUS THE EMPIRE.
—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

● Dr. Muzumdar's volume is a comprehensive and authoritative volume on Gandhi's defiance of the British Empire. —*Harry Elmer Barnes.*

● Nowhere is there a clearer exposition of Gandhi's political and social philosophies, which explain all his moves on the Empire's political chessboard.
—*Indianapolis News.*

● This book is invaluable to all who would understand India in revolution, and its immortal leader, Gandhi.
—*John Haynes Holmes.*

● A source book of the activities of Gandhi during the last ten years.
—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

● A vigorous and explicit answer to Katherine Mayo's "Mother India."
—*Omaha Herald.*

● Dr. Muzumdar speaks with authority of the India problem and writes so convincingly and informatively of the various phases of the controversy that GANDHI VERSUS THE EMPIRE is entitled to respect as a sincere presentation of facts from the Indian viewpoint. . . . The volume teems with unique information, such as the religious and cultural significance of Gandhi's brief attire. . . . It relates incidents of Gandhi's London visit, and includes ancedotes that reveal Gandhi's keen sense of humor.
—*The Oregon Journal, Portland.*

● Altogether, this is a full and complete presentation of India's struggle for freedom. —*Sacramento Bee.*

● The book is history in terms of a great personality.—*The New Republic.*

● The significance and value of the book lies mainly in the fact that this important information and these important utterances of the Indian leader (Gandhi) cannot be found except with great difficulty anywhere else and can be found nowhere else collected together as Dr. Muzumdar gives them in his impressive pages. —*J. T. Sunderland.*

● A notable, possibly world-shaking, book on the gaunt ascetic spirit that defies Great Britain.
——*Columbia (S. C.) State.*

● It is on an entirely different plane from the journalistic and sensational writings on India . . . offers to the student original sources and presents clearly to the reader the true nature of the revolt against English rule.
—*The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.*

● This volume must be put down as an important documentary and human compilation.
—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

● A source book about Gandhi.
—*New York World Telegram.*

● Gandhi is a figure of surpassing interest, and for his admirers there is probably no better presentation of him than is to be found in this book.
—*Columbus (Ohio) Journal.*

● The book should clear up many questions about which American admirers of the Mahatma long have been puzzled. —*Pittsburgh Press.*

● The book is far from a repetition of what has previously been said. We get here a new picture of Gandhi.
—*Worcester (Mass.) Telegram.*

and that's not all!